

# Cranford Weekly Avalanche.

Masters & Maurer.

EVERY MAN IN THE RIGHT IS MY BROTHER.

Publisher.

VOL. I.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, October 15, 1879.

## Michigan Central Railroad. SAGINAW DIVISION. Time Table-May 25, 1879.

NORTHWARD.			
STATIONS.	Mail.	Saginaw and Bay City.	Through Freight.
Jackson	7:00 a.m.	4:15 p.m.	1:30 a.m.
River Junction	7:25	4:40	2:10
Mason	8:02	5:15	3:00
Holt	8:15	5:32	3:15
Lansing	8:30	5:49	4:25
North Lansing	8:35	5:50	4:35
Bath	8:55	6:05	5:00
Lansing	9:25	6:30	5:40
Bennington	9:40	6:45	6:00
D. & M. Crossing	9:52	6:57	6:30
Owosso	9:55	7:10	6:50
Oakley	10:12	7:25	7:25
Chesaning	10:28	7:45	7:45
St. Charles	10:45	8:05	8:30
Tittabawassee	11:10	8:30	9:00
Saginaw City	11:23	8:47	9:55 a.m.
E. Saginaw	11:32	8:57	10:15
F. & P. M. Junction	12:00 p.m.	9:02	10:20
Zilwaukee	12:12 p.m.	9:15	10:30
West Bay City	12:35 p.m.	9:40	11:10 a.m.
Bay City	12:45	9:50	

SOUTHWARD.			
STATIONS.	Chicago Express.	Chicago Freight.	Bay City Express.
Bay City	6:30 a.m.	5:15 p.m.	
West Bay City	6:40	5:25	6:00 p.m.
Zilwaukee	7:02	5:47	6:45
F. & P. M. Junction	7:10	6:00	7:00
E. Saginaw	7:15	6:05	7:10
Saginaw City	7:25	6:15	7:45
Tittabawassee	7:38	6:28	8:30
St. Charles	8:03	6:43	9:20
Chesaning	8:20	7:15	9:35
Oakley	8:30	7:30	10:15
Owosso	8:53	7:52	11:00
D. & M. Crossing	8:57	7:55	11:10
Bennington	9:10	8:25	
Lansing	9:40	9:00	12:00 p.m.
North Lansing	9:57	9:17	1:15 a.m.
Lansing	10:00	9:20	1:30
Holt	10:15	9:35	
Mason	10:30	9:45	2:30
River Junction	11:05	10:15	4:00
Jackson	11:30	10:45	4:50 a.m.

CONNECTIONS.—At Bay City with Bay City Division for Lapeer, Port Huron, Detroit, and all points east, and with Mackinaw Division for all points north, and at Jackson with Main and Air Lines and Grand Rapids Division.

## MACLENNAN DIVISION.

NORTHWARD.			
STATIONS.	Freight.	Mail.	
Bay City	8:15 a.m.	8:35 a.m.	
West Bay City	8:45	8:55	
Pinckney	10:05	9:15	
St. Helena	11:00	9:45	
West Branch	11:10	9:55	
Standish	11:45	10:30	
Pinckney	12:25	11:15	
Keweenaw	1:45	12:30	
Grayling	2:00	1:45	
Oshtemo Lake	2:45	2:05	
Grayling	3:20	2:50	

SOUTHWARD.			
STATIONS.	Freight.	Mail.	
Grayling	5:00 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	
Oshtemo Lake	6:00	11:30	
Grayling	8:45	12:40 p.m.	
St. Helena	9:45	1:15	
West Branch	11:10	2:05	
Standish	12:30 p.m.	2:55	
Pinckney	1:45	3:40	
Keweenaw	2:25	4:15	
Grayling	3:20	5:00	
West Bay City	5:00	5:35	
Bay City	5:30	6:00	

For all routes daily except Sunday.  
C. B. RUSH, H. B. LEBYARD,  
Dist. Supt. Bay City. Gen'l Supt. Det.  
E. C. BROWN,  
Assistant General Supt., Jackson.  
HENRY C. WENTWORTH,  
Gen'l Pass' and Ticket Agt. Chicago.

## RAIL ROAD LANDS.

Who Wants  
?? A FARM CHEAP ??

500,000 Acres

RICH FARMING LANDS FOR SALE

The Lands of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad Company are

Now offered for sale at

LOW PRICES AND ON LONG TIME

They are situated along its railroad through the Central part of the State of Michigan from the Saginaw river nearly to the Straits of Mackinaw, and contain large tracts of

good

land as can be found in any part of the United States, are well timbered with hard wood—

apple, peach, elm, oak, etc., and well adapted to Grain, Stock and Fruit growing. Soil, black sandy

LOAM AND

ABUNDING IN SPRINGS OF THE PUREST WATER.

PRICE OF

Farming Lands from

\$2.50 to \$6.00

Per Acre.

See the illustrated pamphlet full of notes and figs. at

ADDRESS O. M. BARNES.

121 E. Grand St. Lansing, Mich.

## WOLVERTON HOUSE.

T. VERNON, PROP'R.

Corner of Third and Water Streets,

BAY CITY, MICH.

Bay City House,

JOSEPH N. SEGUIN, Proprietor.

Corner of 1st and Adams Street,

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

J. A. BEHMLAUER,

DEALER IN

Fresh and Salt Meats,

LARD, SAUSAGE, & C.

Game of all kinds in Season.

NO. 6 LINN STREET,

West Bay City, Mich.

R. GREEN,

THE

Leading Grocer of West

BAY CITY,

GOODS AT WHOLESALE AND

RETAIL.

PRICES LOWER THAN ANY

HOUSE IN BAY CITY.

MY MOTTO:

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

GIVE ME A CALL

NO. 5 LINN STREET

MEEKER & ADAMS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

CROCKERY, GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, FIELD

AND GARDEN SEED, AND ALL

KINDS OF FRUIT

IN THEIR SEASONS.

ALL ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY

FILLED AT LOWEST PRICES.

308 and 310

North Water Street, Bay City, Mich.

SILAS G. BUSH,

AGENT FOR

RAKE.

Repairing done to order.

Residence CENTER PLAINS, Michigan.

H. W. WARNER,

Physician & Surgeon,

Office at residence and at Pioneer

Drug Store.

GRAYLING, MICH.

CHEAP GUNS!

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS

109 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

RIFLES of every kind—military and breech loading,

shotguns, pump, bolt and lever action, and all other

guns, from \$10 to \$100.

SHOT GUNS Double and Single Barrel, Ma-

son's, Remington's, Winchester's, and all other

guns, from \$10 to \$100.

REVOLVERS of all kinds, from \$10 to \$100.

Large Illustrated Price List sent free to any one

who will write to

J. H. JOHNSTON,

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,

No. 109 Smithfield St.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

N. B.—We send Catalogues by Mail, Post Paid, to any

person who will send us a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent stamp, or a 3-cent

## THE AVALANCHE,

REPUBLICAN,

Published every Wednesday, at Grayling, Mich., by

MASTERS & MAURER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

FOR ONE YEAR \$1.50

FOR SIX MONTHS .75

FOR THREE MONTHS .40

All communications and business

letters should be addressed to

WM. A. MASTERS.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

Sheriff—David London.

Clerk & Register—William R. Stecker.

Treasurer—Rasmus Hanson.

Prosecuting Attorney—John O. Hadley.

Judge of Probate—Daniel S. Waldron.

Circuit Court Clerk—Collins W. Wright.

Surveyor—Frederick L. Barker.

Coroners—Samuel Revel, William H. Sherman.

FABER FANCIES.

Swart is the leading jeweler of West

Bay City.

Lamps, wicks and chimneys cheap

at the Post office drug store.

For clocks, watches and violin strings

go to S. Swart, West Bay City.

The veritable John Horn, who has

been languishing in "durance vile"

was in town to-day. John says he will

make some of his persecutors hunt

their holes before he gets through with

them.

Rich and beautiful jewelry of the

latest styles at S. Swart's West Bay

City.

The elections in Ohio and Iowa yester-

day resulted in a grand republican

victory. Both states elect republican

governors by thirty thousand majority

the Legislature in Ohio will be largely

republican.

Call at Swart's, West Bay City, and

examine his stock of beautiful gold and

silver watches.

If you want a good light, full mea-

sure and the right change back, buy

your kerosene at Dr. Traver's drug

store.

There seems to be a little unplea-

santness between the editors of the Bay

City Chronicle and Tribune and Saginaw

Herald. Gentlemen remember

How good a thing it is,

And how becoming well.

Together such as brethren are

In unity to dwell.

If you are going to paint, it will pay

you to look at the fine sample colors of

Rubber paint in Dr. Traver's drug store.

They cost less, wear from 1-2 to 2-3

longer, and look far better than lead

and oil.

Excellence is never granted to man

but as the reward of labor. It argues

indeed a small strength of mind to

persevere in the habits of industry

without the pleasure of procuring those

advantages, which like the hand of a

clock, while they make hourly ap-

proaches to their point, yet proceed so

slowly as to escape observation.

Mr. Hans Anderson, an employee in

Hanson's camp, met with a severe ac-

cident last Friday while loading a log.

As he was fastening the chain the team

started, tightening the chain and catch-

ing the small finger of his left hand and

crushed it so that it had to be ampu-

tated. Dr. Traver performed the sur-

gical operation, and Hans will soon

be ready for business again.

It is a true and oft repeated observa-

tion, that knowledge is power. It was

this that raised Franklin from the

humble station of a printer boy to the

first honors of his country; that took

Sherman from this shoe-maker bench,

gave him a seat in congress, and there

made his voice to be heard among the

wisest of his compatriots. It raised

Simpson from the weaver's loom to a

place among the first of mathematicians,

and Herschel from being a poor

lifer's boy in the army, to a station

among the first of astronomers. It is

the philosopher's stone, the true al-

chemy that turns everything it touches

into gold. It is the scepter that gives

us dominion over nature; the key that

unlocks the storehouse of creation, and

opens the treasure vaults of the uni-

verse.

From Frederic.

Frederic, Oct. 13th, 1879.

Editors Avalanche:—Very little oc-

curs to mar the even tenor of our ways,

still I may note the improvement tak-



# The Avalanche

MASTERS & MAURER, PUBLISHERS.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## KISS ME SWEET.

BY MISS G. H. BURTON.

Put your arms around me, darling.  
Little arms so dimpled, fair;  
Lift your little face to mine,  
Framed in rings of golden hair.

Give me your sweetest treasure,  
Your eyes so blue and true—  
I will give you all my love,  
And my heart will be true to you.

Only just two years, my dear,  
Since with folded arms you lay;  
Years I thought would be so long,  
But instead were full of joy.

Yes, and after that long time,  
Save for you, my darling,  
Give me, then, in salutation,  
Kisses sweet, without alloy.

You will never know, my dear,  
How that mild September morn  
Left my heart so sad and true,  
As beyond such hours are.

Far beyond our earthly view,  
Far through the ether,  
I look back in fond remembrance,  
Papa's spirit, tried and true.

But, my darling, he was dead,  
Waiting for the summons,  
On the day, in voice unseen,  
He said, "My dear, I am here."

And when the baby lives again,  
You're a strong and sturdy youth,  
Oh, I love me still, in very truth,  
Madison, Ct.

## BACK FROM THE DEAD.

BY GERARD.

CHAPTER I.

MAURICE COURTLAND was a young bachelor of about thirty. He had been in love an unlimited number of times and had not yet met his affinity. He was tolerably good-looking, and earned a comfortable salary as leading man of the Lucian Theater. He lived very quietly, and had no relations except a mother, who made Bachelor Hall as he termed his rooms—a cozy and inviting little place.

He was not a dreamer; in fact, he was wholly disinterested in all marvelous stories he had heard relating to night visions and dreamland phantasies. One night, after returning home, he sat up rather late, studying a new part he had received that day. He grew exhausted and fell asleep. While in the voluptuous arms of Morpheus, he had a very curious vision. He dreamed that he was in a lonely street late at night, and witnessed a strange scene with two men. He rescued her from their clutches, and as they vanished a voice whispered in his ear:

"You have at last met your fate. Win her if you can!"

What an absurd dream! said Maurice, the next day, as he laughed at the recollection of it. "And, still, stranger than that, that have happened. I shall what an idea! to give a moment's thought to such an affair."

Time glided on, and the memory of the dream had almost faded from his mind. The Lucian Theater opened its doors for the fall and winter campaign. It was the first night, and the curtain fell upon the first act close upon 11 o'clock. Maurice left the theater and strolled leisurely homeward.

It was a gloomy night in early autumn, and the air was deliciously cool and refreshing. While enjoying a cigar, a piercing scream resounded on his ears, and, turning around, he beheld a lady trying to free herself from the savage hold of two ruffians. Promptly arraying himself upon the weaker side, he dealt one of them a stunning blow on the right temple, falling him to the sidewalk. The other, seeing how the tide of battle had changed, disappeared around the corner.

"How can I ever thank you, sir, for your timely assistance?" exclaimed the lady, in grateful tones.

"There is no occasion for thanks," he replied. "I am only glad that I was so near at hand. Did you recognize your assailants?"

"No, sir. As I stood here waiting for a car, they accosted me with pitiful stories of sick wives and starved children. As I was about to take some money from my purse they grew bold and demanded it. I, of course, refused, and they laid violent hands upon me. I screamed for assistance, and you know the rest."

"Would it be impertinent to inquire your name?"

"Certainly not; I will tell it with pleasure. I was christened Frances Linton."

"Not the leading lady of the Farringford Theater?"

"The same, sir."

"What a curious coincidence, Miss Linton. I am called Maurice Courtland, and I insist upon seeing you safely home."

"I am causing you a great deal of unnecessary trouble, Mr. Courtland."

"Nonsense! It is a duty man owes to woman to protect her from injury."

She accepted his arm, and, after a brisk walk, they arrived at a neat row of frame villas.

"My home," said Miss Linton, with a sigh of relief, halting before one of them.

"I would invite you in, Mr. Courtland, but etiquette and the lateness of the hour preclude such hospitality. Will you honor us with a visit some day? Papa would be glad to meet you."

"Nothing would afford me greater pleasure."

"Don't fail. Good-night."

He pressed the hand extended him and the door closed abruptly.

## CHAPTER II.

FRANCES LINTON AT HOME.

FRANCES LINTON was an exceedingly beautiful woman. Her age was probably 23. She was a quietly statuesque creature, with a figure resembling a Canova statue, surprised into life. She had fine little hands and dainty little feet; a full, white neck, delicate and graceful; a face pure and innocent in its fresh beauty—such a one as Correggio would have given to the angels—framed in silky, luxuriant hair, brown in shade and golden in the sunlight; a mouth

a trifle large, with well-formed lips, downy and red.

Her mother was dead and she lived with her father, a retired army officer, in an elegant little house in a secluded part of the city.

"You were very late last night, miss," said Maj. Linton, the next morning at the breakfast table.

"Yes, papa," answered the young lady, demurely chopping her egg, and she related the events of the preceding night.

"A fine young fellow," said the Major as she concluded.

"A brave and honorable man," replied Maj. Linton.

Don't fall in love with him, Frances. You cannot one day fall in love with him. Linton was enjoying the little range of the man that he was at the door she opened in a guarded manner.

"The weather has been very sultry of late," said Maurice to Miss Linton, as he revived the old hackneyed subject for want of a better one.

"Perfectly miserable," she replied. "I spent the summer with a friend at the seaside and I actually pine again for the bracing breezes of old ocean."

"The new play at the Farringford is a success."

"Yes; and it is a horrible affair, and only could have emanated from a disordered imagination."

"Indeed! Why so severe?"

"I play the heroine, Rosalie De Courcy, and after being drugged, poisoned and shipwrecked, I am resuscitated, and brought back to life again in the last act, to confound villainy and punish vice. It's quite a remarkable production, I assure you."

During this conversation the Major emerged from the other room, bringing with him a decanter of sherry and a few choice cigars.

"Now, my boy, help yourself," he said.

Maurice filled three thin glasses and handed one of them to Miss Linton.

"Excuse me," she said. "I do not touch it."

"Frances," said the Major, "sing that favorite song of yours for Mr. Courtland."

"Perhaps Mr. Courtland objects to being bored."

"That is an unkind remark," replied the young man.

"She seated herself at the piano, and sang a pretty ballad of Patti's called 'Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee.' Maurice turned the leaves for her, and as she was singing the last words, their eyes met. She blushed, and he felt slightly embarrassed.

"Play something operatic," said the Major, automatically.

"Remember me," answered Frances, dutifully, "to the young man from 'Lucia' in an exquisite and finished manner."

"Miss Linton, you are a true artist," said Maurice, enthusiastically.

"I fear that you are a flatterer," she replied.

"You cannot call the truth flattery."

"Why this haste?" said the Major, as the young man was about to take his leave. "Stay and dine with us."

"Come again," said Miss Linton.

"Remember me to the young man from 'Lucia' in an exquisite and finished manner."

Maurice departed with the impression that he had had a very pleasant afternoon of it, and that Miss Linton's paternal relation was a jolly old brick.

## CHAPTER III.

BY THE SEA SIDE, WAVER.

THE dramatic season was over, and the players, like birds of passage, had flown in all directions. Miss Linton was summing at the seaside, and as chance or fate would have it, Maurice Courtland was endeavoring to while away the leisure hours at the same place. As he was writing his name with his cane upon the white, wet sand he beheld the figure of a lady approaching him.

"This is a rare stroke of luck," he exclaimed mentally, as he recognized the face of Miss Linton. "I am delighted to see you."

"Thank you," she replied. "It is a pleasure to meet somebody down here."

"What fortunate star drifted you here?"

"Say, rather, unfortunate star, who closed the theater two weeks in advance of the ending of the season."

"How do you like this place?"

"It's nice, although sometimes the hours drag."

"My own case, exactly. I had serious thoughts of going elsewhere, but I have now changed my mind."

"I don't blame you if this is all the pleasure you have."

"And the young lady's gaze wandered upon the name in the sand."

"You're too sarcastic, Miss Linton. Do you know that I have made some of the most dreadful efforts to kill time. I have committed to memory every poem of Owen Meredith's. I have indulged in yachting, fishing and bathing, and it's all of no use."

"Your case is, indeed, hopeless."

"I agree with you. By the way, I trust that Maj. Linton is in the best of health. Is he with you?"

"Papa is very well, thank you. He never takes a vacation. He prefers to stay at home."

"Where are you staying?"

"At Barnacle Cottage, a quaint little rookery, kept by two maiden ladies of uncertain age. If you have no engagements this evening, may I look for you?"

"I accept your invitation willingly, nay, eagerly."

They sauntered along the beach gathering shells, as Miss Linton was an amateur conchologist, and after a delightful ramble they separated, as the lady's apron was becoming too heavy to carry.

Maurice became a frequent visitor at Barnacle Cottage. There was a dangerous fascination in Miss Linton's society. Summer was waning fast, and she was about to start for home.

"Why do you avoid me so much of late?" said he to her the night before her departure.

"What an absurd question! Really, Mr. Courtland, do you wish to quarrel with me?"

"Heaven forbid!" he rejoined impatiently. "Frances, I love you! Let me call you by that name. Become my wife, and you shall never know a moment of sorrow. Give me the right to protect and cherish you—don't refuse me; for without you my life will be a blank, a dreary desert with only one green spot in it—the memory of your face. Why do you turn away from me? Have I insulted you?"

Frances was weeping softly.

"Maurice," she murmured, "I thank you for the honor you would confer upon me, but I do not desire it. I forget this scene and to me seek some other girl worthy of you than myself, and my daily prayers will be for your happiness."

"Why do you give me this advice? I swear to you, Frances Linton, that no other woman shall ever usurp your place in my heart. I see how it is. I am only a friend, and all you do not love me."

"Love you! My God! how your words wrong me. I love you so deeply that I would be the meanest creature in the world to take advantage of your noble nature and link your destiny with mine. There is a bitter secret attached to my life, and I cannot accept the devotion you offer me."

"Frances, what does all this mean? Surely you would not willfully deceive me. Are you not free to give your heart to whom you please—and you have committed nothing that a true woman would blush to conceal? Look me in the face and end this terrible suspense."

He placed his hands upon her shoulders and looked into her beautiful eyes, bedimmed with tears.

"I have never forgotten my mother's teachings," she replied. "There is not one hour in my life that I would blush to conceal. The sin I was speaking of was another's—a person who was very dear to me once."

"There is no one upon this earth shall step between us," he said, clasping her to his breast. "Let this secret be buried in oblivion, Frances; I do not wish to hear it. Will you have me? I will not release you until the answer is yes."

"How this man bewitches me!" she thought. "Shall I make him happy by becoming his wife? Will it atone for the past?"

"I am waiting patiently, Frances."

"It is useless to resist longer; I surrender," said Frances, smiling through her tears.

"My darling, your future life will be Elysium," he said, kissing her tenderly, as she slipped through his arms.

"It's time for you to go, Maurice. It is growing very late."

"Well, by Jove, young woman, you are frank in name, and nature, to say the least. Parting is such a sweet sorrow that I could say."

"Lumps cost money, Miss Linton," cried one of the venerable vestals upon the staircase.

"Miss Lucinda is calling. Please go," she pleaded.

"Good-night, sweetheart," said Maurice, imprinting another kiss upon her scarlet lips. "Please don't forget me."

The young man walked to his hotel in a jubilant frame of mind. He was so happy that he could have forgiven his worst enemies. He met him in the street, and he took and everything he thought of merged itself into one dear name—Frances.

"Curse the spinster!" he exclaimed, as he felt a fresh need to quiet his nerves and solace his meditations.

## CHAPTER IV.

BACK AT THE DEAD.

A dejected, dispirited, and disappointed-looking man ascended the steps of Maj. Linton's residence.

"This must be the house," he muttered, as he pulled the bell.

"Is your mistress in?" he inquired of the servant girl, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he brushed past her and entered the parlor in a rude and unannounced fashion.

Frances arose indignantly, and as she turned face to face with him, she uttered as a sharp, low cry of pain, and clutching a chair for support, she gasped:

"My God! does the grave give up its dead?"

"Well, my lady, how are you?" said the stranger, throwing himself into a seat and crossing his legs in a more methodical than graceful style. "Surprised to see me, I suppose?"

"What evil spirit sends you here, Philip Jennings?"

"That's a nice welcome for a man to receive from his wife. Why don't you rush into my arms and smother me with caresses? It was only by the merest chance in the world I discovered your whereabouts. I arrived here a week ago from—well, it doesn't matter where—and went to the Farringford last night. From your own admission on seeing me, by Jingo, you make a rattling good actress, Frances; I waited for the end of the show, and followed you home, determining to call upon you the next day, and here I am. Kiss me."

"Don't come near me!" she exclaimed, shrinking from him.

"No mock heries—we are not acting now—down, and I'll tell you all my adventures since I left you. As you are aware, I was convicted and received a light sentence of three years for that little piece of forgery. I served it out like a man, and crossed the ocean to America. I found the country plunged in civil war. I enlisted in the Federal army under the assumed name of George Graham, and after the battle of Chancellorsville my name appeared on the dead list. Did you not see it?"

"Yes."

"It was incorrect. I was taken prisoner by the Confederates, and, being comports in my tastes, I became an ardent supporter of the lost cause. After leading a somewhat nomadic and checkered existence, I have turned up all right ready to claim my wife and commence life anew."

"You have no claim upon me. I was but a girl of 19 when we were married. I eloped with my boarding-school with you, and it broke a fond mother's heart to see her darling wedding to a villain. For you I forsook home, friends and a brilliant career. How did you repay all these sacrifices? Ere your love vows were cold you basely fled and left me all alone, unprotected and friendless. Shall I ever forget that unmanly act? Not while a breath of life remains with me. I was too proud to make my wants known to my father, who would have succored me willingly. I must have means of livelihood, so I adopted the stage more from necessity than conviction, and it was a good friend to me when starvation stared me in the face. I thought we should never meet again upon this earth, but Heaven has decreed it otherwise. Take care, sir, I owe you nothing. Do not attempt to press your fancied authority. Remember that self-defense is a desperate woman's first law."

Frances's eyes flashed fire, and her swelling bosom heaved convulsively.

"I forgot to mention the fact," said Jennings, apparently unnoticed by her last words, "that I had quite a conversation with the garrulous old doorkeeper at the Farringford. He told me that you were shortly to be married to an actor named Maurice Courtland. I was glad to interfere with those arrangements, but the law, madame, does not permit bigamy."

"Don't pollute his name with your lips. If he only knew the events of the past hour I might be a widow."

"Pshaw! I'm sick of all this talk. Let me have some money."

"Give you my hard earnings to squander? I have no money for such as you."

"That ring on your finger will answer."

"Maurice's gift," murmured Frances, looking at it. "No; I will never part with it."

"Come, I can't stay here all day. Do you hesitate to give your lover's trinket?" he said, in sneering tones.

"Take this," she replied, handing him her purse. "Leave my house! I loathe and despise you!"

"Don't get insolent, my beauty, or I may be compelled to clip your wings. If it is a cruel desertion, and his subsequent career."

"This is, indeed, a heavy blow," said the young man, in a dazed way. "I can hardly realize it. I cannot stand quietly by and see the woman I love wrested from me. Frances, I will never yield you to this man. I will kill him first."

"No, Maurice; for the love you bear me, do not stain your hands with blood. Leave him to a higher judge. The law shall break your chains."

"I must go to your arms a free, unfettered woman. I prefer a lifetime of private sorrow to one hour of public shame."

"You are my own true Frances. Forgive my wild words. Good-by. When next we meet parting will never come between us."

"Good-by, dear; be patient. We cannot read the future. We only know that duty, with its stern, indelible finger, points out our different paths."

"Do you remember that song, Frances, you sang when first we met? I have never forgotten it. Sing it once again, sweetheart. It may be for the last time."

"Maurice, my heart is breaking," sobbed Frances.

He put his arm around her waist and led her to the piano, and though her eyes were blind with tears she sang it in a wild and impassioned voice, and as she was dwelling upon the last line:

"Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee."

She felt herself in his strong, passionate embrace and his burning lips pressed fiercely to hers, and in a short minute afterward she was alone.

## CHAPTER V.

FRANCES LINTON A WIDOW.

"There is no hope, you say?"

"Not the faintest, sir," replied the physician. "You will be dead in an hour."

"If I lived they would hang me, I suppose," said Jennings with a grim humor. He had a brawl with a man in a gambling hall and killed him, receiving in return a pistol-shot through the lungs.

"Have you a pen and some paper," he asked.

The materials were furnished him, and after writing a few lines, he sealed the envelope and inscribed upon it, "Miss Linton, No. 22 Golden Terrace."

This man with all his faults was a stoic, and his vitality and grit were remarkable.

"How far is the distance?" he said.

"In fifteen minutes your letter will have reached its destination," responded the attendant.

"Thank you—give me some liquor. I must see her before I go."

Frances arrived in due time, and as she beheld him lying upon the cot the memory of her dead love crept into her heart, and throwing herself at his bedside she cried:

"Oh, Philip, I am so sorry."

"Have you really pity me, Frances. Well, that is beautiful, and fire upon an enemy's head. Why don't you hate me? I deserve it more than you can imagine."

"I hated you bitterly yesterday, but that has passed."

"Frances, I want your forgiveness," he whispered as he was growing gradually weaker. "I have caused you a great deal of trouble and disgrace, and my death will be but a slight expiation for it. Marry the man you love, and may your new life be happier than the old one."

She was praying silently for him. He observed it and gasped painfully:

"Farewell, Frances."

A torrent of blood gushed from his mouth, and, giving her one last look, his features contracted and his limbs grew rigid. Philip Jennings' soul had gone before the great Tribunal and Frances Linton was a widow.

One of the brightest little sons residing on James-street had just been visiting on the billiard-table with a spirit-level. After the old man had finished the table, he remarked:

"Now, pa, see if my head's level."

Syracuse Standard.

## A WONDERFUL STORY.

Extraordinary Mineral Wealth in the Sierra Mojadas, Mexico.—Hills of Gold and a Mountain of Silver.—Unlaid Millions of Ores and Vast in Sight.

Following is an extract from a letter written from Matamoros, Mexico, by Charles E. Williams, formerly of Peoria, to William T. Hubbard, of Quincy, Ill.:

"You have doubtless heard accounts of the discoveries of gold in fabulous quantities in the Sierra Mojadas. The accounts cannot be exaggerated, since the imagination cannot conceive of such a vast quantity of gold and silver hoarded by nature in one rugged mountain-range. The richest stories would not be fabulous of this case. I have been there, and I know whereof I affirm. You know I have been something of a traveler; that I have seen the mines of California, Australia, and among the Ural Mountains—for, during my wanderings, I corresponded with you; but nowhere on this planet have I ever seen the same richness in mines—the same uncounted tons of gold. The very mountains, lofty and rugged as they are, seem to be built of gold. Unfold millions of the yellow ore and dust are in sight; how much there may be hidden in the heart of the mountains only He who created all wealth can tell.

"If I had not been there, and one had attempted to tell only one-half of the truth in regard to those golden mountains, though he had been my dearest kinsman or most trusted friend, I would not have accepted his story as truth. I shall not ask you to believe me when I say that there are, in those wild, almost inaccessible mountains, great hills of gold, miles in length, hundreds of feet in height, and hundreds of yards in width. And yet it is the literal truth. And not far away from the golden hills there is a mountain of silver ore richer than any ore of Leadville, Virginia, or any other bonanza mines yet discovered. This silver mountain throws into the shade the famed hill of Santa Eulalia, in Chihuahua, from which \$200,000,000 in silver has been taken. I know you will think I tell incredible stories. I have not told half the truth.

"But why are not these mines worked—developed at once? The answer is not difficult. They are in Mexico—and nothing is done in a hurry, except changing the titles. To the next place, territorial jurisdiction is claimed by the three States of Coahuila, San Luis Potosi, and Chihuahua. The mines are undoubtedly clearly in the State of San Luis Potosi; but the conflicting claims must be settled, as each has a military force in the neighborhood, and suppress all attempts to carry on mining operations. Then the title is in doubt. It will still take a week before my departure from San Felipe, the nearest place to the mining region, it was supposed that the Mojadas were a part of the public domain. But interested parties made the discovery that the identical tract upon which the richest discoveries have been made was long ago granted away, in the usual Mexican style of liberality, to the extent of six Spanish leagues square.

"There was much excitement in San Luis Potosi and San Felipe over the announcement that the great mines were private property, and the stranger part of all, the property of an American by birth, if living, and his heirs, if dead."

## A Witty Parson.

A Scotch clergyman by the name of Watty Morrison was a man of most irrepressible humor. On one occasion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon as ministers pretend, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament without the slightest preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet and he gave for a text, "And as she opened his mouth and he spake." The parson was the wagger, the other being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon that text.

On another occasion Mr. Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offense he had committed. The officer agreed to do so if he would in turn grant him the first favor he should ask.

Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The clergyman agreed to it; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism.

Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the puppy, as was customary in the baptism of children, and said:

"As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the church."

"Certainly," said the Major; "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin by the usual question, 'You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?'"

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd; the officer threw the candidate for baptism away, and thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the infidel, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

## A Turning-Point in History.

In connection with James II. and the revolution which drove him from his throne, Mr. Osalov, in his notes to "Baronet's History," tells an anecdote affording a very curious illustration of the straws which sometimes turn historical currents. A Parliamentary division, he says, took place just at the supreme crisis in the struggle in which James was worsted, on a motion to consider the King's speech before the members should proceed to the supply, when it was carried by one only against the court. The Earl of Middleton, of Scotland, then a Secretary of State for England and a member of the House of Commons, seeing many go out upon the division against the Government, went down to the bar, and, as they were told in, reproached them to their faces for voting as they did, and, a page told him one of them, the Earl said to him: "Sir, have not you a troop of horse in his Majesty's service?" "Yes, my Lord," replied the other; "but my brother died last night, and has left me £700 a year." That timely bequest seems to have imparted the necessary independence to the gallant member, and secured his vote, and, as Osalov says, saved the nation.

## Cruel Invention.

A Berlin genius has invented an instrument for turning over the leaves of music. The Berlin man is a presumptuous meddler. If his machine should come into general use, what disposition could be made of the average young man in high shirt-collar and hair parted in the middle who at evening social

gatherings stands up at the end of the piano and turns over the music for the lady performer? He appears fit for no other purpose under the sun.—*Norfolk Town Herald.*

## WHEAT CULTURE.

A Striking Evolution in This Department of Agriculture in the Northwest.  
(From the Commercial and Financial Chronicle.)  
A feature of the present time is that this culture is being developed under entirely new auspices, that is, under a new system. It is no longer left to the small farmer, taking up 100 acres of land, building a log cabin, and struggling to secure himself a home. Organized capital is being employed in the work with all the advantages which organization implies. Companies and partnerships are formed for the cultivation precisely as they are for building railroads, manufacturing, etc., and some of the wheat fields of the Northwest are miles in extent. The following figures were prepared for the prospective of a partnership of this kind to cultivate three square miles, or 1,920 acres. We give them simply to illustrate how this business is being carried on, and what inducements there are to enter upon it. Of course, the first year is one of outlay alone, no credit. It requires four years to show the real result reached:

## ACCOUNT CURRENT IN CULTIVATING 1,920 ACRES OF WHEAT FOUR YEARS.

YEAR.	Dr.	Cr.
1st year.	1,920 acres at \$5 per acre, \$9,600	Seed wheat, 1,920 bushels at \$1.50 per bushel, \$2,880
2d year.	300 bushels of seed at \$1.50 per bushel, \$450	1,920 acres at \$5 per acre, \$9,600
3d year.	300 bushels of seed at \$1.50 per bushel, \$450	1,920 acres at \$5 per acre, \$9,600
4th year.	300 bushels of seed at \$1.50 per bushel, \$450	1,920 acres at \$5 per acre, \$9,600
Total.	\$11,400	\$38,400

## RECAPITULATION OF THE FOUR YEARS' RESULTS MAY BE STATED AS FOLLOWS:

YEAR.	Dr.	Cr.
1st year.	1,920 acres at \$5 per acre, \$9,600	Seed wheat, 1,920 bushels at \$1.50 per bushel, \$2,880
2d year.	300 bushels of seed at \$1.50 per bushel, \$450	1,920 acres at \$5 per acre, \$9,600
3d year.	300 bushels of seed at \$1.50 per bushel, \$450	1,920 acres at \$5 per acre, \$9,600
4th year.	300 bushels of seed at \$1.50 per bushel, \$450	1,920 acres at \$5 per acre, \$9,600
Total.	\$11,400	\$38,400

## Modern Fighting.

Some interesting evidence as to the character of modern fighting is supplied by a recently published volume, the "Report of the Select Committee on the House Committee," on their operations in the Russo-Turkish war. Besides a record of operations, the book contains some general reports on surgical matters by the chief surgeons employed. In these there is to be found nearly unanimous testimony, first as to the comparative fewness of wounds from the white arm, as swords, bayonets, and such like, and secondly, collectively termed in French military language, The second point of interest is the greater ease with which such wounds healed when they were not at once fatal. Sword wounds were more numerous in the latter part of the war than in the earlier, says Mr. Barker, and they usually healed easily. Bayonet wounds were much rarer. "Among thousands of wounded men," says Dr. Pinkerton, "I did not see more than half a dozen suffering from saber, lance or bayonet wounds. The experience of others whom he questioned was the same. The fact seems to be that not only is actual hand-to-hand fighting very rare in modern warfare, but that modern weapons are very ill-adapted for it. The lance requires elbow room and very adroit management; the saber needs a great deal of space, and is not a little trick to make it effective; the bayonet is a most clumsy weapon. The bowie-knife and the short Ghorka dagger are, thinks Dr. Pinkerton, much more effective than the ordinary cutting arms. On the other hand, the modern rifle bullet is allowed to be a terrible weapon in its effects, even when it does not kill, and the wounds it inflicts seem to be much more serious than those of the old spherical ball.

## The Language of Postage Stamps.

It seems that postage stamps as well as flowers have a language. Thus, according to the Albany Times, when a postage stamp has been placed upon the post on the left corner of the letter, it means, "I love you;" in the same crosswise, "My heart is another's;" straight and down, "Good-by, sweet heart, good-by;" upside down in the right-hand corner, "Write no more;" in the center, at the top, "Yes;" opposite, at the bottom, "No;" on the right-hand corner, at a right angle, "Do you love me?" In the left-hand corner, "I wish your friendship;" bottom corner on the left, "I seek your acquaintance;" on a line with the bottom, "Accept my love;" the same, upside down, "I am engaged;" at a right angle in the same place, "I long to see you;" in the middle, at the right-hand edge, "Write immediately." While this is all very well as far as it goes, those who put a postage stamp on any but the upper right-hand corner of an envelope must hold themselves responsible for all the swearing of the postoffice clerks.

## BREVITIES.

DANIEL DREW left no will to beal.  
PROF. PETERS has discovered 202 stars.  
SENATOR BLAINE wears a blue coat and iron-gray whiskers.  
SCHUYLER COLfax has cleared \$40,000 in four years as a lecturer.  
ONIO papers complain that the forests are disappearing in that State.  
HAWAII has suffered less from yellow fever than Memphis this season.  
The cost of living is very low in Melbourne. Prime meat at 4 to 6 cents a pound, and bread 12 cents for a four-pound loaf.  
The family-brandy bottle was left within reach of a little girl in Albany, and she very nearly did the effects of the drink she took.  
Mrs. Raymond appears on the stage as Marie Gordon. Her husband is known everywhere as Col. Sellers. No defense was made to the action.  
CONVERSATION with Boston merchants held by a reporter of the Herald, of that city, shows that they very generally favor a reciprocity treaty with Canada.  
THE house in which Milton was born was burned in the great London fire of 1666, but its exact counterpart was built on the site, and is occupied as a lace factory.  
A WITNESS in a case before Judge Quarles, of Nashville, Tenn., declared he did not believe in God, heaven or hell, whereupon the Judge ruled his testimony out of the court.  
Ten months this year there has not been a drop of water in the Rio Grande for a distance of about 500 miles. There is great suffering of the people of that district in consequence.  
THE canal between the Caspian and Sea of Azov, a survey of which is being made for Russia, is estimated to cost \$20,000,000. Two rivers and a chain of lakes would facilitate the work.  
WOODBURY S. PENNELL this afternoon in Portland, Me.: "Any man or woman selling me one drop of intoxicating liquor on or after this date, I will prosecute to the extent of the law."  
PEDESTRIANISM in Berlin took this form. A young man made a bet that he would run on all fours from Konigsberg to Weissenau, a distance of two or three miles, and won, in a heavy rain, in two hours.  
A dissipated and unmanly nobleman, presuming upon his nobility, once asked Sir Walter Scott, who sat opposite to him at a dinner, what was the difference between Scott and so? "Just the breadth of the table," retorted Sir Walter.  
THE Haverhill (Mass.) postoffice received a letter postmarked San Bernardino, Cal., addressed to "The Old Maids, Haverhill, Mass." It contained an offer of marriage from a wealthy old bachelor to any widow old enough to be between 20 and 40 who answered the letter first. The replies are numerous.  
THE area of Ireland is about that of the State of Indiana; there are 32,000 square miles of land, of which 8,000 are mountains, bogs, lakes, or waste, and about 24,000 are adapted to agriculture. Of course, a less quantity is capable of high cultivation. Upon this limited area of land there is now a population in round numbers of 5,700,000, of whom three-quarters are farmers. This is about three times the population of Indiana. The same area of land would support for the use of this land aggregates over £13,000,000, or about \$65,000,000 a year. This is in addition to all kinds of taxes, and to all stipulated expenditures for manure. The improvements, except in a few districts, are made by the tenant, and upon his eviction, or surrender of the lease, belong to the landlord.  
The Spelling-Reform Outlook.  
At the conclusion of his essays on "Spelling Reform" in Scribner's Monthly, Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale, makes this vigorous summing up of the subject:  
These are the objections to any alteration of English orthography, that are most commonly urged. They are, however, but they are directed not against reform in itself, but rather against the proposed methods of reform. The object of these articles has been to show the existence and nature of a disease, not to discuss methods of cure. For the difficulty in this matter is that, having become acclimated in childhood, we have forgotten in what an unhealthy orthographical climate we are living, or have become indifferent to it. Yet it is not so much that the public is opposed to remedying what it deems evil; it simply does not see that there is an evil. To remove the hold that the present spelling has upon the feelings of most persons is one of the first steps that must be taken before reform of any kind can hope to receive serious consideration. The public is held in upon the feelings and not the intellect; it is necessarily a work that cannot be accomplished in a day. The ignorant and almost puerile prejudices that are displayed in reference to this subject are likely to end for nearly all who are now swayed by them only with their lives; but it is possible to prevent their perpetration and spread. We cannot expect any reform to be fairly examined so long as the public is held in upon the feelings and not the intellect; the spelling of a particular word in a particular way is a particular evidence of total depravity. There is no objection under our present system to any person writing "metre" with a, and its compound, "diameter," with er. It is only when he insists that, where everything is irrational, his particular irrationality shall be looked upon as a contribution to the purity of the English tongue, that the language makes of him a nuisance. It is full time for us to abandon a groveling superstition, which in the minds of many has confounded the worship of the letter with the worship of letters. If we cannot free ourselves from the trammels of our present orthography, we can certainly free ourselves from the absurd notion that there is anything about it either respectable or reasonable; and those who come after us may be at liberty to consider and remedy some, if not all, of the evils under which we are now suffering. If, in the future, to schemes of reform can be given that careful and candid examination which hitherto every single one of them has been prevented from receiving by stupid prejudices and stupid fancies which their advocates have dignified with the name of ideas; if this can be given, we may hope that after numberless failures success will be attained—that the language we speak will not be forever disgraced by an orthography, to the vicious variations of which, when we set out to learn it, we can see no end, and in which, after having learned it, we can find no sense.



## THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The little folks are the most interesting of the human race. They are the most susceptible of impressions, and the most susceptible of influence. They are the most susceptible of the influence of the environment, and the most susceptible of the influence of the individual. They are the most susceptible of the influence of the environment, and the most susceptible of the influence of the individual. They are the most susceptible of the influence of the environment, and the most susceptible of the influence of the individual.

Jimmy's Cruise on the Pinetree. We extract the following from a short story by Louise May Abbott, in *St. Nicholas*: A poor Boston boy named Jimmy Nelson has a sick little sister, Kitty, who is nothing but a bundle of nerves. Her mother is too poor to take her out of the house and duty city. So Jimmy sits and worries about it, until at last he makes up his mind to hire himself out to a ship's Captain, and with his wages paid in advance, sends Kitty to get well among the cool green fields.

Little did desperate Jimmy guess what ship he would really sail in, nor what a prosperous voyage he was about to make, for help was coming that very minute, as it generally does, sooner or later, to generous people who are very much in earnest.

First a shrill whistle was heard, at the sound of which he looked up quickly; then a rosy-faced girl of about his own age came stepping down the street, swinging her basket by one string, and as Jimmy watched her approach, a smile began to soften the grim look he wore, for Willy Bryant was his best friend and neighbor, being full of courage, fun and kindness. He nodded and made room for her on the step, the place they usually occupied at spare moments, when they got lessons and recounted their searings to one another.

But to-night Willy seemed possessed of some unusually good ideas of seamanship, which she chose to tell in her own lively fashion, for, instead of sitting down, she began to dance a sailor's hornpipe, singing gaily: "The little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup, till her breath gave out."

"What makes you so jolly, Willy?" asked Jimmy, as she dropped down beside him and fanned herself with the ill-used hat.

"Such fun—you'll never guess just what we wanted—if your mother only will! You dance, too, when you know, panted the girl, smiling like a substantial sort of fairy come to bring good luck."

young people a new and profitable field for their talents. So popular did this small company become that the piece went on to the summer vacation, and was played in the morning as well as afternoon, to satisfy the crowds who wished to see and hear it.

But long before that time Able Seaman James Nelson had sent his family into the country, mother begging Willy to take care of her dear boy, for he could join them, and his sister Kitty throwing back kisses as she smiled good-by with cheeks already rosy for all the comforts "brother" had earned for her. Jimmy would not desert his ship while she floated, but managed to spend his Sundays out of town often taking Will with him as first mate, and thanks to her lively tongue, friends were soon made for the new company.

When the last day came, he was in such spirits that he was found doing double shifts in corners, hugging the midshipmite, who was a little chap of about Kitty's age, and treating his messmates to pearls with a lavish hand. Will had her hornpipe, also, when the curtain was down, blazed every one of the other boys, and came and went, and joined lustily in the roistering farewell cheers given by the crew.

A few hours later, a cheerful-looking boy might have been seen trudging toward one of the railway stations. A new hat, brave in blue streamers, was on his head, a red balloon struggled to escape from one hand, a shabby carpet-bag stuffed full was in the other, and a pair of shiny shoes clicked busily as if the feet inside were going on a very pleasant errand.

About this young traveler, who walked with a sailor-like roll and lurch, revolved a little girl chattering like a magpie, and occasionally breaking into song as if she couldn't help it.

"Be sure you come next Saturday; if you don't, anything like such fun as you can get to-day," said the boy, beaming at his lively companion as he hailed down the impatient balloon, which seemed inclined to break from its moorings.

Now I know that the girl with a skip to starboard that she might bear a hand with the bag. "Keep some cherries for me, and don't forget to give Kit the doll I dressed for her."

"I shouldn't have been going myself if it hadn't been for you, Will. I never shall forget that," said Jimmy, whom intense satisfaction rendered rather more glib than his friend.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

To Remove Freckles.—Scrape horse-dung into a cup of cold milk; let it stand twelve hours; strain; and apply two or three times a day. Or, mix lemon juice, one ounce; pulverized borax, one-quarter drachm; sugar, one-half drachm; keep a few days in a glass bottle, then apply occasionally.

An Englishman has patented a process in Paris by which Gobelins and Aubusson tapestries are imitated to perfection, and by a single impression of the printing block; chromos, too, that require from thirty to sixty stones each, can be printed with a single block by this process, with the addition of one stone merely to put in the more delicate lines of the figures, landscapes, etc.

The first issue of the *Cologne Cathedral* was laid Aug. 15, 1248, and it is thought it will be completed in another year. The two towers have now reached their last stage, and have only to be fitted with their massive caps of solid stone work. For this purpose two great scaffolding towers have been erected, one of them, however, already approaches completion. When the caps have been finished, then a still higher story will have to be added to the scaffolding, in order to fix on the tops of the caps the gigantic foliated crosses, almost thirty feet high, which are to crown the towers. This operation will, it is expected, be performed next spring.

The following curious tradition appears in a French journal: "The Prince Imperial had seventeen wounds. There are seventeen letters in the name Napoleon Bonaparte. The addition of the figures 1808, the date of the birth of Napoleon III., makes seventeen; so does 1826, the date of the Empress Eugenie's birth, and 1833, the date of their marriage. From that to 1870, the year of their death, was seventeen years. The Prince was killed on the 22nd of July, which is further 1870. There are seventeen letters in the name of Lieut. Carey, and the addition of the figures 1832, the date of Prince Victor's birth, again produces seventeen."

The *Veterinary Journal* reports the case of the poisoning of Lord William Berosford's horse, by tea, which it pronounces "unparalleled in the annals of veterinary or human toxicology." A stout-coat having had some pounds of tea in a sack, a "Kaffir" groom filled it with corn, and, serving out the contents to a troop of horses, gave Lord William Berosford's charger the bulk of the tea, which was eaten greedily, and produced the most startling results. The animal plunged and kicked and ran backward, at intervals galloping madly around, finally falling into a donga, where it lay, dashing its head on the rocks, and was distinguished by an assassin's thrust through the heart. The post-mortem appearances indicated extreme cerebral congestion.

An instance of hereditary crime is furnished by Elias Phillips, of Free town, Mass., who recently appeared as a witness in a burglary trial, having turned State's evidence. He is a great grandson of Malbone Briggs, a notorious criminal, who was in State prison with seven of his sons at one time. Briggs' ancestry is traced back to a distant ancestor who was a pirate in the days of the great sea-robbers.

Phillips has only the use of his left arm, his right one being withered and useless. He recently made two keys by which a store was burglarized, and he can sail a boat, shoot a gun with effect, and do other things remarkable under the circumstances.

Begonia. About two centuries ago a French navigator named Begon brought from Asia a new plant, which is still called after him, Begonia. Few readers would suspect the part this plant plays in the production of the handsome shawls so prized by the natives of the East. These are made in Cashmere, a beautiful district at the foot of the Himalaya mountains. The material used in their manufacture is the finest down from the Thibet goat. Every one has probably remarked the singularly graceful patterns with which they are ornamented, and perhaps wondered whether they were studies from nature or the production of the artist's brain. The former. Nature in the East supplies admirably graceful leaves on which the shawl designers delineate their designs. The Greek sculptors copied the curves of the acanthus in the Corinthian capitals. These leaves are those of the begonia. When the French arrived in Egypt, at the end of the last century, they were surprised to find the Orientals wearing shawls, shawls, turbans, etc., etc., of beautiful Cashmere work. They greatly admired these dresses, which fell so gracefully on the human form. When the conquerors of the pyramids returned to France, they displayed their rich booty, which immediately came into fashion among the natives. From that period they have constantly remained in high esteem. Their prices vary from 1,000 francs to 7,000 francs. Under the empire no lady without a pretension went out without a Cashmere shawl. The taste for these articles, although not so great as formerly, has not entirely ceased. However, it is very rarely that a person wears a real Indian Cashmere; the articles in general use are the product of French manufacture.

an' Sop dat Hunyadi's enter his gates and den mop him aroun' till he cried quits, dat he must never darken my gates again. He got up an' he went an' I was d'us behind him. Dat boy was still in de house, bluffin' de ole woman aroun' an' kinkin' de dog round de stove, an' de opportunity was all dat could be axed fur. De ole man bounced his walnuts up to de wayward child, an' de way he made de fat fly tickled me an' older. When I left de wonder Hunyadi warpin' de tears away wid' out 'han' an' cuttin' col' pancakes wid' de odder an' de ole man had such a smile as I haven't seen on his face for over seven years. After the applause had subsided, de President continued: "Treat your boys kindly, an' like a good father, be behind them when a son is in de big heat, an' encourage him to kin run de taboose widout help from de ole folks, an' dat he am master of his days an' nights, set right down on him like a bag of sand fallin' from de roof-top! Let him know who owns de cabin and who brings in de purvis luns."

Five Thousand Gods. Some years ago the province of Yunan, almost exclusively populated by the Mohammedans, rose in open revolt against its sovereign, cast off the yoke, and declared its independence. The Chinese Government, indignantly rebuffed the Yunnanese, set to work to convert them from Islam to the state worship of the Flower Rite. The Yunnanese have hitherto withstood this attempt, but now, according to his official report, the Chinese Government has caused 5,000 every orthodox variety to be manufactured for the especial benefit of Yunan metropolis alone. These have been set up by the police in porches and court-yards of every house in the town, and the heads of families are compelled to turn in some of the day before their unwelcome larva, as well as to provide them with clothes from head to foot at stated periods. The Chinese police instructed to "look up" any household proving a delinquent in the performance of these obligatory rites to stimulate him to the fulfillment of his duties by every conceivable method. Thus, in a single day, a section of which represents the advancement of his personal interests, and the other all the mechanical duties of the Celestial torture-chamber, it is considered highly probable that the long, the Yunnanese Moslem will be satisfied to recognize the intrinsic value of the Chinese form of Buddhism, the best possible of all religions.

Buried Alive. A young Russian nobleman, who was captured by the Japanese, was found buried alive in a trench. He was found by the Japanese, who were digging for mines. He was found by the Japanese, who were digging for mines. He was found by the Japanese, who were digging for mines.

Hamilton and Tallerrand. Talleyrand, the great diplomatist of Europe in the first quarter of our century, had an exalted opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton and Tallerrand. Talleyrand, the great diplomatist of Europe in the first quarter of our century, had an exalted opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton and Tallerrand. Talleyrand, the great diplomatist of Europe in the first quarter of our century, had an exalted opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton and Tallerrand. Talleyrand, the great diplomatist of Europe in the first quarter of our century, had an exalted opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton and Tallerrand. Talleyrand, the great diplomatist of Europe in the first quarter of our century, had an exalted opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton. He had a high opinion of the talents and character of Alexander Hamilton.

Major Beatty's Pianos and Organs. Your attention is called to the advertisement of Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey. Major Beatty's celebrated pianos and organs are so well known throughout the civilized world that they require no word of commendation from us. Lowest prices, superior workmanship and complete satisfaction have brought this name prominently forward, and to-day he stands the only man in the trade who dares to ship his instruments on test trial, and if unsatisfactory, refunds not only the price but all freight paid. No fair offer can be made or even suggested. His sales are now very large, and when it is taken into consideration that a few years ago he was only a poor boy, it cannot be evident to every reader that Major Beatty is the possessor of rare talent in his vocation.

Best Always. Holding Bros. & Co., the well-known silk manufacturers, have the first premium at the St. Louis fair, Oct. 6, in competition with goods manufactured by the Nottstock Silk Company, after a thorough trial of the length, strength and quality of both companies' silks. —Chicago Tribune, Oct. 11.

A Good, Steady Patronage. Is enjoyed by the Tremont House, at Chicago. The Tremont is one of the best managed hotels in the United States, and possesses the most complete and comfortable accommodations. This is the testimony of those who become its guests.

Perfect Unity is restored to the direct line of the... (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

For Half a Dollar. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

For Half a Dollar. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

For Half a Dollar. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

For Half a Dollar. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

PURE TEAS. Agents wanted for the sale of pure teas in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

PENSIONS. Agents wanted for the sale of pensions in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

MILITARY. Agents wanted for the sale of military goods in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

ORGANS. Agents wanted for the sale of organs in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

THE GYPSY GIRL. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

Life in Camp and Castle. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

Life in Camp and Castle. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

Life in Camp and Castle. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

PENSIONS. Agents wanted for the sale of pensions in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

MILITARY. Agents wanted for the sale of military goods in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

ORGANS. Agents wanted for the sale of organs in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

THE GYPSY GIRL. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

Life in Camp and Castle. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

Life in Camp and Castle. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

Life in Camp and Castle. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

Life in Camp and Castle. A story of thrilling interest. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

OPINION. Agents wanted for the sale of opinion in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

YOUNG MEN. Agents wanted for the sale of young men in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

MAGIC. Agents wanted for the sale of magic in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

EXODUS. Agents wanted for the sale of Exodus in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

RED RIVER VALLEY OF THE NORTH. Agents wanted for the sale of Red River Valley of the North in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

RED RIVER VALLEY OF THE NORTH. Agents wanted for the sale of Red River Valley of the North in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

RED RIVER VALLEY OF THE NORTH. Agents wanted for the sale of Red River Valley of the North in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)

RED RIVER VALLEY OF THE NORTH. Agents wanted for the sale of Red River Valley of the North in the United States. (Text is partially obscured and difficult to read)



N. H. TRAYER, M. D.

Has opened his

Drug Store,

IN THE

POST OFFICE

GRAYLING, MICH.

Where will be found a stock consisting of

all the requirements of

the place consisting of

DRUGS & PATENT

Medicines

Chemicals, Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes, Turpentine,

Brushes,

French Sash Brushes,

STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS,

and all other goods

at the lowest prices.

N. H. TRAYER,

GRAYLING, MICH.

MAISON WORK, ETC.

Plastering

AND

Kalsomining

The undersigned having located with

in the limits of Grayling, wishes

to announce to the

PUBLIC

that he is pre-

pared to do all kinds of

WORK in his line TO PERFECTION

AND AT

Prices to suit the Times.

FRANK OWENS,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

BILLIARDS

BILLIARD PARLOR

Second door east of Exchange Hotel

GRAYLING, MICH.

IMPORTED

WINE, LIQUORS & CIGARS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

F. W. SORENSON,

Proprietor.

THE AVALANCHE OFFICE

FOR

LETTERHEADS,

ENVELOPES,

NOTE HEADS,

CIRCULARS,

RECEIPTS,

BLANKS,

and all other stationery

at the lowest prices.

OTSEGO LAKE

MEAT MARKET

CHICKEN & GILBOY

Proprietors.

BUTCHER AND DEALERS IN

BEER

PORK

MUTTON

AND

VEAL

SALT AND SUGAR

MEATS

CHICKEN & GILBOY

Proprietors.

BUTCHER AND DEALERS IN

BEER

PORK

MUTTON

AND

VEAL

SALT AND SUGAR

MEATS

CHICKEN & GILBOY

Proprietors.

BUTCHER AND DEALERS IN

BEER

PORK

MUTTON

AND

VEAL

SALT AND SUGAR

THE AVALANCHE.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15, 1879.

FOR PRESIDENT

OF THE UNITED STATES,

IN 1880.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER,

OF MICHIGAN.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Annual Session.

MONDAY, OCT. 13, A. D. 1879.

Board called to order at 1 o'clock p.

m. Will called present, Supervisors J.

Stackert, G. M. P. Davis, M. S. Hart-

wick, J. P. McLean and D. H. Shoop.

Roll called and the board proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

to the consideration of the report of

the Board of Supervisors for the year

1878-79. The report was read and

approved. The board then proceeded

black shale. From this black shale by

slow spontaneous distillation petroleum

is evolved and flows out in oil springs

at a great number of localities and is

the source of petroleum found at Grati-

on, Liverpool and other places in Ohio

and may be in this township at South

Branch, Crawford county.

Yours &c. Dr. S. B. BROWN.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The committee on County buildings

will receive plans and bids for Court

House and Jail complete. at a cost not

to exceed three thousand dollars (\$3,000).

The committee will bind the contracts

it awards the right to reject any and

all bids. Plans will be received at the

County Clerk's office at Grayling until

the 21st day of October, 1879.

Dated Grayling, Mich. 21st, 1879.

(Signed) DAVID H. SHOOP,

JOHN F. HICK,

JACOB STECKERT,

Supervisors.

Chairman.

Bill of D. London referred

to committee on claims.

109—William R. Stackert, \$ 95

110—Palmer Co., Bay City, 2 00

Bill of J. M. Jones referred

to committee on claims.

111—J. O. Hadley, 1 65

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON CLAIMS.

To the Hon. Chairman and Board of

Supervisors:

Gentlemen: Your committee on

county buildings to whom was referred

the letting of the County buildings,

would respectfully report that they

have had the same under consideration

and would report that the committee

could not satisfactorily let the contract

and have postponed the letting of the

same until the 21st day of Oct. 27, on

which day we will receive plans and

bids. Your committee would further

report that they have awarded the job

of clearing and cleaning up the court

house grounds to D. H. Shoop, being

the lowest bidder, and job being com-

plete was accepted by committee ac-

cording to contract.

JOHN F. HICK,

DAVID H. SHOOP,

JACOB STECKERT,

Chairman.

Resolution offered by Supervisor G.

M. P. Davis:

Resolved, That it is the sense and

feeling of this board, that all claims

against this county, presented to this

board, shall be referred to and con-

sidered by the committee on claims, and

the amount thereof be published in the

official county paper, also, entered on

the records of the county by the clerk of

the county except the petition of the

members of this board. G. M. P. DAVIS.

Resolution offered by Supervisor

Davis:

To the Hon. Board of Supervisors of

Crawford County, Michigan:

WHEREAS, Application has been

made to your honorable body to or-

ganize the township of Grove in said

county, State of Michigan. Now there-

fore be it

Resolved, By the Board of Supervi-

sors now in session, that the petition

of the township of Grove be and is

hereby accepted, and that the town-

ship of Grove be and is hereby duly

organized upon the election and qualifi-

cation of the officers, comprising the

township board of said new township;

all of which is respectfully submitted.

Carried.

Moved by Supervisor Steckert that

the board be adjourned for the purpose of

meeting in joint committee for settlement

at Kalkaska, to meet again on the 20th

day of October, A. D. 1879, at one

o'clock p. m.

(Signed) M. S. HARTWICK,

Wm. R. STECKERT,

Chairman.

Clerk.

SOUTH BRANCH.

Oct. 14th, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that there seems to

be more reason than Mr. Trask's

word that that well is not settled.

The line between the township of

Grayling and miles of other land in

Crawford and adjoining counties feels

heavier than any man's word. Please

refer to the Geological map drawn

by Dr. C. Rominger, State Geologist,

and published in 1876, by authority of

the Legislature of the State of Michi-

gan, under the direction of the Board

of Geological Survey. You will there

find that the black shale extends from

about latitude 43° 30' on Lake Huron,

and 45° on Thunder Bay, in a belt of

about the same width to Lake Michi-

gan, between latitude 44° 20' and four

or five miles south of Sleeping Bear

Point. In the lower portion of the

state the same formation will be found

between Detroit and latitude 43° 10' on

Lake Huron, extending in an arc west

of the Keweenaw peninsula into Ohio

and Indiana and reappearing in the

south-western corner of the State about

twenty miles east of New Buffalo.

Grayling, you will observe, is about the

center of the northern portion of this

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

CHAPMAN HOUSE,

Cor. Main Ave. and Grand River St.

LANSING, MICHIGAN.

Dick Woodmancy,

DEALER IN

Cigars, Cider, etc., etc.

GAYLORD, MICHIGAN.

L. H. STEVENS,

MASON and PLASTERER.

</